A 001247674 3
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

DESTINY & DESIRE

Poems Passionate & Perverse

By Maryland Watson

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Destiny and Desire

Mary Lucas Watson

Destiny and Desire

Poems Passionate and Perverse

By Maryland Watson

CASINO PUBLISHING COMPANY
116 WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK
1908

Copyright, 1908.
by Casino Publishing Company, New York

PS
3545
W336d

Dedicated
To
a Man I know

623916

TRYST

I AM waiting here for you.
Every drop of blood
That pulses in my heart
Is a flaming torch to light your way—
Lover Lad, with your Irish eyes,
How well I know just what you'll do,
Still—I am waiting here for you.

TODAY

"TOMORROW"?

And have you the patience then to wait?
God! my lips cry for the kisses that are mine,
And not tomorrow do I want them, but today,
For who knows if tomorrow's sun shall shine
Or where we two shall be who lived today?
I want to watch the last sun die, satisfied,
And never know the torture of that cry,
"Oh God! I wasted yesterday and missed my fate!"

PROMISE ME

DEAR, you promise me with truth,
Like a burning pure white flame,
That your life shall be mine
As long as love is worthy of its name.

But, dear, life is not always sunshine,
The fire of love fades on the primrose way,
And hearts, though meaning to be faithful,
Are fated to grow tired of the play.

You promise to guard me from life's sorrows,
To shield me from the hours of sad regret;
But, dearest, God alone holds that power,
Though your love will help me to forget.

Do not promise me the things that are beyond you,
For humanity at best is sadly frail,
But promise me to share the heights we *can* reach
And to share compassion for each other if we fail.

IMMORTAL

COLD blows the wind of chilling doubt
And fans the dying light that was my love
Into a blaze of angry flame.
Ah, God, why, if Love may die,
Should Jealousy and Doubt forever live,
To keep a wretched tryst within my heart
At the mention of a faithless woman's name?

MOON SONG

A WOMAN rests within my arms,
Her eyes heavy-lidded as from languorous sleep,
Her red lips pulsing warm,
Tremulous her voice, her kisses sweet.

With opal tints the moon flings down
A shimmering garment thin as air
That falls across the splendor of her form
And twines its jewels in her misty hair.

Her heart, the home of Passion's god,
A palpitating mystery of thrills,
Beats close against my breast
Its every throb an answer to my will.

The warm red blood that gleams
Through the naked beauty, 'neath its veil of gold,
Tells the wondrous secret of her dreams
Which end in savage love
The craving of my soul.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS

IF I could walk down
This worn old path with you,
I think its every turning would seem new
To me — and yet I know it so by heart,
That every pebble seems a part
Of some dear memory.

HONOLULU

LOCKED in the arms of the ocean,
Lulled by its passionate song,
Kissed by the brazen sun,
Wooed by the truant moon,
Flirting with each like a light-o'-love,
You radiant warm Quadroon!

Fire and night in your beauty,
Flowers clasped to your breast,
Flaunting your charms with wanton grace
To sailor lover or soldier rover,
Forgetting in turn each mad caress.

Though your tears may come in a golden shower
At the faithless love of the day's gay noon,
You are faithless yourself, Little Isle in the ocean
Gay little, sad Quadroon.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS

LOVE came to her
Like a wondrous shadowed wraith of spring
And wrapped the world in a mantle
Of trembling delights.
And the days might come
And the nights each go
For Christ! she loved him so
That nothing mattered but the crimson flame
And all the world grew dim.

High above her Heaven and her God,
She placed her love for him,
And yet he never knew Love's name.
For the little uncontented thing he called his soul
Was just too small to know
That a woman's heart might break for him—
Yet Christ! She loved him so.

DISCONTENT

WHY cannot I look mutely into the coming years
And still the insistent longing to be free,
Forget there are pathways over dim, far hills,
And ships a-sailing over new, strange seas?

THIS QUESTION I FLING
UP TO YOU

IF, as they say, You hold the world
In the hollow of Your mighty hand,
And each life that gleams there for a while
Was fashioned and fated at Your own command,

Then do I come to You—not in prayer
But only as a weary woman may,
And this question I fling up to You,
Why did You put my soul upon this path
If it was fate that I should lose my way?

How could You never lift a staying hand
Or still the lilt of my heart's glad song;
If You placed this passion in my storm-swept soul
Then, God, why not help me bear the wrong?

CONSENT

COME with me into the mystic night,
The sun is lost across the great divide,
The jeweled splendor of a moon-lit shrine
Shall be the wondrous ending of our flight.

And you shall tenderly be taught
The touch that waked your soul to fire
Was but the answer to your breathless sigh;
My passion and my strength,
But the fulfillment of your sweet desire.

The crimson passion of your warm, moist lips,
The promise in your darkening eyes,
Have won for me a lingering consent
And betrayed the secret that your words denied.

Ah, dear, the barriers are gone
That kept our souls from being one.
Turn your face and meet the storm
Of my love with willing eyes.

(*Continued on page 29*)

CONSENT

(Continued)

Let me see and feel each thrill
That rushes from your heart,
Lingers on your lips, trembles through your arms
And guides your straying finger tips
In each wanton passionate caress.

Sweet woman, yielding with such
Glad abandon to my eager touch,
This heaven we have gained,
This ecstasy of mingled love and throbbing pain,
Was born in your fair breast
The hour you chose your destiny
And answered fate with passion's willing "yes."

MAN'S LOVE

YOU gather a rose
And feel a queer, glad thrill,
Because it's yours to keep—
Or, better still,
You may wear it on your heart
For passion's one sweet hour,
And when its charm is gone,
Why, 'twas only just a flower.

YOU

MEN smile in my dark eyes,
Some praise the sun-kissed bloom upon my face,
Others marvel at the beauty of my form,
Yet in my heart they have no place—
For to you I owe it all.

You brought my beauty with the summer days,
When you lingered on this path with me;
Then was born the crimson flush men praise,
And my eyes darkened into pools
From passion's deepest sea.

Every sensuous curve that lures
All this gift of witchery,
Every sudden lilt of thrilling song
Came to me in this summer time of mystery!

I WILL NOT FORGET

UNREST haunts my sorrowing heart,
A chill phantom wrapped in a mantle of despair,
That stalks across the threshold where love had life,
And wakes the hallowed memories sleeping there.

The vain night goes its weary way,
The day comes crimson-crowned after the gloom,
And yet my anguished soul nor sleeps nor wakes
At the touch of cool wet dew or sun within the room.

Just a lethargy of wraith-like hours
And little crying sobs of piteous regret
That keep your dead love burning like a flame
To scorch my soul and *shame* it to forget!

MAY BE A DIM REGRET

JUST a moment of rapture,
A fleeting, sensuous thrill,
A sob—and a bit of laughter—
Your strength and passionate will,
The throbbing beat of my heart
And, maybe, a dim regret,
That we danced the wildest measure
Of love's sweet minuet.

INNOCENCE

LAUGHING lass, looking into
the soul of me,
With innocent serenity,
Does no understanding bring surmise,
Or no quest of love surprise
You into deep solemnity?

FAITHLESS WOMAN I LOVE

GIVE me a rope of your night-black hair
To coil in my empty hands;
I'll weave a chain
Of its wondrous length
To strangle the light from your lustrous eyes.

Woman I love with all my strength,
Treacherous woman whom I despise.

A WOMAN'S WAY

HER kisses lingered on the dear lips of a lad,
Her burning mouth kindled all the sleeping fire,
That waited but the touch of passion's flame
To scorch his soul with anguish-mad desire.
She watched, with half-slumbering eyes,
The torture of her powers at their play;
Then gave herself with all her passionate soul—
And that—is a woman's way.

MEMORIES

I HAVE lost myself in a dream
That holds your last caress,
Like the breath of a flower's perfume
After the flower is dead.

The tones of your voice in my heart
Are vibrations of deepest love,
Like the thrill in the strings of a harp
When a master hand touches a chord.

The kiss that you left on my lips
Is a flame like an altar light
That may dim in the noon's white glare,
But scorches the wings of thought
In the hush of the silent night.

Your love is a golden loom
That has spun a web of dreams
To cover the cold bare room
Where memory sits and weaves.

SONG

LET me look deep in your sea blue eyes;
Let me warm your red lips
With the passion of mine,
Kiss you and crush you, O, maiden fair!
My soul aflame with its mad desire—
Come, take what is yours,
You kindled the fire!

DEFIANCE

OH God! why should I grope my weary way
Afraid to firmly place my feet,
For fear of stepping on some creed of Thine,
Or breaking some command I should obey?
And God, how couldst Thou judge me
If I should tread upon them both,
Should cast Thy word off and be free
To walk erect upon the path I chose?
For it was Thou who made me as I am
And left me with Temptation hand in hand.

DIVORCED

JUST one last hour of silent gray
Between the wordless night
And the fading sun,
The clouds robed in a vestment
Like a still and aged nun
That comes to pray
When the day is done,

The hour you used to come at candle light
And watch a tired child at play
Then kiss its tiny hands and one by one
Its soft white garments lay,
Upon a little, worn, red chair
While baby lips caressed
Or murmured fragments of a sleepy prayer.

(*Continued on page 53*)

DIVORCED

(Continued)

You are so far away
The space between us two
May border on eternity.
Your quick glad step
Never comes to wake the lethargy
Of dumb submissive pain
That lives like a coward in my heart
Afraid to show its grief
Or call your name.

The hours crowd each other
Into bitter years
And yet there comes back day by day
The memory of an agonized "good bye."
We went our unforgiving ways
Our eyes scorched with unshed tears,
Our lips a lie.

AFTER OMAR

O THOU who woman didst devise
And gavest her all the passions of a man,
How canst Thou in Thy soul despise
Her for the weakness Thou didst plan?

ONE WOMAN'S PRAYER

NOW, Christ, I am satisfied;
Every law my nature knows is still,
Every cry my heart has known so long
Is sleeping in this hour I have crossed Your will.

Judge me deeply and place upon my soul
A letter red as scarlet flame.
I ask no mercy at the hand of God;
I walk light-hearted, radiant in my shame.

Do not turn your eyes gently away,
Trying to forgive this one breathless night,
Instead, listen to my heart's ecstasy of thanks
That my soul was born to know these *God-given*
deep delights.

TOO LATE

LONG ago when life was new
And the "little-girl-look"
Still lingered in my eyes—
Why did you not come to me
Like the Knight in olden books
And make me *yours*
Before the world had made me wise?

SUCCESS

SUMMER breezes fanned his cradle
(Little fair-haired baby boy)
Fanned him gently while they sang him
Joyous, winsome lullabies,
And the lingering breath of Genius
Kissed the baby's sleeping eyes.

When his wondering eyes awakened
Conscious of the sweet caress,
He followed its elusive whisper
Over trails of dim, far Life
Down the valley of deepest Sorrow
Around the turnings of sweet Delight.

So Genius beckoned him to Manhood,
Gave him little, maddening smiles
Threw him kisses along the pathway,
And all a-thrill to her mating call,
He tore the barriers down between them
And, clasped to his heart
She gave him all.

A LITTLE FRIENDSHIP SONG

MY soul is all a-listen
For the littlest word you say,
My eyes are all a-glisten
When you smile—
For your friendship is a gladsome thing,
That dearly came my way,
After such a very long and lonesome while!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9–42*m*–8,'49(B5573)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 247 674 3

PS
3545
W336d